

THE
MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE
of Titus Andronicus.

AS IT HATH SVNDRY
times beeene plaide by the Kings
Maiesties Seruants.



LONDON,
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Shakespeare, W.

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The most lamentable Romaine
 Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaid
 by the right honorable the Earle of Darbic, Earle
 of Pembrooke, and Earle of Sussex
 their Seruants.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senatours aloft: And then enter
 Saturninus and his followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his
 followers, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
 Defend the iustice of my cause with armes.
 And Countrymen my louing followers,
 Plead my successiue title with your swords:
 I am his first borne sonne, that was the last
 That ware the Imperiall Diadem of Rome.
 Then let my fathers honours live in mee,
 Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Bassianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,
 If euer Bassianus Cesars sonne,
 Were gracious in the eyes of royll Rome,
 Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll,
 And suffer not dishonour to approch,
 The imperiall seat to vertue consecrate
 To iustice, continence, and Nobilitie:
 But let desert in pure election shine,
 And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.

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MARCHES

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that striue by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whome we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by comm. on voyce,
In election for the Romaine Emperie:
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deseris to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer warrior,
Lives not his day within the City walls.
Heby the Senate is accited home,
From weary warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his sonnes (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoakt a nation strong, traind vp in Armes,
Tenne yeares are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
In Coffins from the field,
And now at last, laden with honours spoiles
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Tus* flourishing in Armes,
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,
Whome worthily you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whome you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers, and as suteis should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturnus.

- How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Bajanus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie.

In

of *Titus Andronicus*.

In thy vprightnes and integrity,
 And so loue and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
 And her to whome my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
 That I will heere dismissall my louing friends :
 And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
 Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit Souldiers.*

Saturninus.

Friends, that haue beeene thus forward in my right,
 I thanke you all, and heere dismisse you all,
 And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
 Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause.
 Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
 As I am confident and kinde to thee.
 Open the gates and let me in.

Bascianus, Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.
They goe vp into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
 Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion :
 Succesfull in the battailes that he fightes,
 With honour and with fortune is returnd,
 From where he circumscirbed with his swordz,
 And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of *Titus*
 sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin couer'd with blanke, then
 two other sonnes, then *Titus Andronicus*, and then *Tamora* the
Queen of Gothes and her two sonnes, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
 with *Aron* the *Moor*, and others, as many as can be, being set downe
 the Coffer, and *Titus* speakes.

The most lamentable Trage die

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the barke that hath discharged his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayed her anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his retурne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fift and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines alive and dead !
These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue :
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their auncestors.
Heere Gothes have giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkiaide, and careles of thine owne,
Why sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shorē of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greece in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres :
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more ?

Lucius. Give vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh :
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnapeasd,
Nor we disturbed with prodiges on earth.

Titus

of Titus Andronicus.

Titus. I give him you, the noblest that suruyes,
The eldest sonne of his distressed Queene.

Tamora. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious conquerer,

Victorius *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,

A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:

And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,

Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee.

Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome

To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne

Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,

But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,

For valiant doings in their Countries cause?

O if to fight for king and common weale,

Were piety in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus. Staine not thy tombe with blood.

Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?

Draw neere them then in being mercifull.

Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,

Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first borne sonne.

Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.

These are their brethren, whome you Gothes beheld

Aliue and dead, and for their brethren slaine,

Religiously they aske a sacrifice:

To this your sonne is markt and die he must,

To appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him and make a fire straight,

And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,

Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consumeid;

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chiron. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Deme. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,

To tremble vnder *Titus* threatening looke.

Shakespeare, W.

22330
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The most lamentable Tragedie

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that armde the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe revenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performed
Our Romaine rightes, Alarbus limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificall fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps :
Here lurks no treason, her e no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned grudges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lau. In peace and honour, liue Lord Titus long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame;
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my bretherens obsequies :
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy retурne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
whose fortunes Romes best Citizenis applaud.

Titus. Kind Rome, that hast thus louingly reſerude

The

of *Titus Andronicus*.

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, outliue thy fathers dayes,
 And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
 Gracious triumper in the eyes of Rome.

Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*

Marcus. And welcome Nephews from successfull wars,

You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in fame :

Faire Lords your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your Countries seruice drew your swords.

But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,

That hath aspirde to *Solons* happines,
 And triumphas ouer chaunce in honors bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friendin justice thou hast ever bene,

Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
 This Palliment of white and spotlesse hue,

And name thee in election for the Empire,

With these our late deceased Emperours sonnes :

Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,

And helpe to set a head on headles Rome.

Titus. A better head her gloriuous body fits,

Then his, that shakes for age and feeblenes :

What should I d' on this robe and trouble you,

Be chosen with proclamations to day,

To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,

And set abroad new busines for you all.

Rome I haue benethy Souldier forty yeares,

And led my Countries strength successfully,

An aburied one and twenty valiant sonnes,

Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,

In right and seruice of their noble Countrie :

Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,

But not a scepter to controule the world,

B

Vpright

The most lamentable Tragedie

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Marcus. *Titus,* thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.

Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus.*

Satur. Romaines doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords and sheath them not

Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:

Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,

Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Lucius. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Titus. Content thes Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.

Bassian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will dotill I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.

Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe retурne to Rome,
The people will accept whome he admits.

Titus. Tribunes I thanke you, and this fute I make,
That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tyrans rayes on earth,
And ripen iustice in this common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crown him, and say, long live our Emperour.

Marcus. An. With voyces and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians we create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour.

And

o^c Titus Andronicus.

And say, Long live our Emperour Saturnine.

Saturni. Titus Andronicus, for thy fauours done,
Tvs in our election this day,
I giue thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentlenes :
And for an onset Titus to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,
Lavinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes royll Mistris, Mistris of my hart,
And in the sacred Parbar her espouse :
Tell me Andronicens doth this motion please thee?

Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace.
And heere in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our common weale,
The wideworlde Emperour, doe I consecrate,
My swerd, my Chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy Romes imperiall Lord :
Receiuethem then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.

Satur. Thankes noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts.
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these vnspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.

Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your honour and your state,
Will vse you nobly and your followers.

Satur. A gooly Lady, trust me ofthe hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new :
Cleere vpfaire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comst not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

The most lamentable Trage die

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madame he comfots you,
Can make you greater then his Queene of Gothes;

Lavinia you are not displeasd with this.

Lavinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.

Satyr. Thankes sweete *Lavinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Rauisomes heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclame our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.

Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leue, this maid is mine.

Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bassias. I noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.

Marcus. *Suum eniqnam* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in justice ceazeth but his owne.

Lucius. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Titus. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surprisde.

Satyr. Surprisde, by whome?

Bassia. By him that iustly may
Bear his betrothid, from all the world away.

Marius. Brothers helpe to convey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.

Marius. My Lord you passe not heere.

Titus. What villaine boy, bast me my way in Rome?

Marcus. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*

Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrail you haue slaine your sonne.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes wold never so dishonour me.

Traytor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Lucius. Dead if you will but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawfull promist loue.

Enter

of Titus Andronicus;

*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two
sonnes, and Aron the Moore.*

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy flocke:
Ile trust by leasure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.

Titus. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?
Satyr. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his sword:
A valiant sonne in law thou shalt enioy,
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Titus. These words are razors to my wounded hart.
Satyr. And therfore louely *Tamora Queen of Gothes*,
That like the stately *Thebe* mongst her Nymphs,
Dost ouershine the gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choole thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queen of Gothes dost thou applaud my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymenaeus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pailace, til from forth this place,
I lead espousde my Bride along with me.

Tamora. And heere in sight of heauen to Ronie I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen of Gothes,

The most lamentable Tragedie

She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heanens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

Marcus. O *Titus* see ! O see what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no : No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

Lcius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our bretheren.

Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe :
This monument fifti hundred yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified :
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Servitors,
Repose in fame : None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.

Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Marius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.
And shall, or him we will accompany.

Titus. And shall ! What villaine was it spaks that word ?

Titus sonne speaks.
He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Titus. What would you bury him in my despight?

Marcus. Non noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,

To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Titus. Marcus, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest,
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

The brother and the sonnes kneeles.

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Titus. Speake thou no more if all the rest will spedee,

Mar. Ren wned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Lucius. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all,

Marc. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre

His noble nephew heere in vertues nest,

That died in honour and *Lauinia* cause.

Thou art a Romaine be not barbarous:

The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Ajax*,

That slew himselfe; and wise *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerallss;

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,

Bebard his entrance heere.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my sonnes in Rome:

Well bury him, andbury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Lucius. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends

Till we with Trophées do adorne thy tombe.

They all kneele and say,

No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,

He liues in fame that dide in vertues cause.

Exit

The most lamentable Trage die

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to step out of these driric dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanced in Rome?

Titus. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
Lavinia with others.*

Saturn. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your grize,
God give you ioy sir of your gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Saturn. Traytor, if Rome hauelaw, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bassia. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine.

Saturn. Tis good sir, you are very shorthe with vs,
But if we liue wee'll be as sharpe with you.

Bassian. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answe're I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Turns* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

To

of Titus Andronicus

To be contould in that he frankly gaue,
Receauē him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath exprest himselfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince Bassianus leave to plead my deeds,
Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.

Satur. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And baselye put it vp without revenge?

Tamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend
I shold be Author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his grieves:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend ouaine suppose,
Nor with sowre looks afflic his gentle heart.

My Lord, be ruld by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your grieves and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Upon a iust suruay take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeeldat intreats, and then let me alone
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his traytous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deere sonnes life.

C.

And

The most lamentable Tragedie

And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. Rule *Titus*, rise, my Empresse hath preuaild.
Titus. I thankey our maiestie, and her my Lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords: and you *Lavinia*,
By my advise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

All. Wedoe, and vow to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sisters honour and our owne.

Marc. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay, sweet Emperour, we must all be friends
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a curle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batcheler from the priest.

Come,

of Titus Andronicus,

Come, if the Emperours court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a loue-day *Tamora*.

Titus. Tomorrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, weeke giue your grace bon iour.

Saturn. Be it so *Titus*, and gramecy to. *Exeunt*
sound Trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies threatening reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills.

So Tamora.

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whome thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, settred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Thenis *Prometheus* tide to *Caucasus*.
Away with flauish weedes and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Emperesse,
To waite said I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shippwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius branding.

C 2

3

D. met.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Demet. Chiron thy yeres want swit, thy wit wantes edge
And manners to intrude where I am graced,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

Chiron. Demetrius, thou doost ouer weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for Laminias loue.

Moore Clubs, clubs, the selouers will not keep the peace.

Demet. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gave you a daurfing rapier by your side,
Are you so desprat grown to threat your friends?
Go too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Tilly you know better how to handle it.

Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

Demet. I boy, grow ye so braue? they draw.

Aron. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonor'd in the Court of Rome.
For shame put vp.

Demet. Not I, till I haue sheathed
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speecches downe his throat,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour he etc.

Chiron. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolute,

Folio

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing durst performe.

Moore. Away I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all :
Why Lords, and thinke you nothow dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?

What is *Lauinia* then become soleose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
Without controulement, iustice, or reuenge?

Young Lords beware, and shoulde the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musickē would not please.

Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world. (choise)

Demetri. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Moore. Why are ye mad ? or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue ?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this devise.

Chiron. Aron, A thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whome I do loue.

Aron. To atchieue her, how ?

Demetri. Why, makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a flie we know :
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. I, and as good as *Saturnine* may.

Demet. Then why shoulde he dispaire *that knowes to*
With words, faire looks, and liberality? *(court it)*
What haft not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chiron. I so the turne were serued.

Demet. Aron thou hast hit it.

Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then shouldest not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harkey ee, harkey ee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speede?

Chiron. Faith not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforse accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we perfuse, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home By force if not by words,
This way or not at all, stand you in hope,
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit

To

of Titus Andronicus.

To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours court is like the house of fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of cares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes.
There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,
And reuell in Lavinias treasurie.

Chiron. Thy counsell lad smells of no cowardise.
Demet. Sir farre art nefas, till I finde the stremme,
To coole this heat, a charme to calme their fits.
Per Seign, per manes Vebor.

Excus.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making
a noyse with bounds and horner.*

Titus. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the court may echo with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.

*Heere a cry of boundes, and windē horne in a peale, then enter
Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus Lavinia, Chiron, De-
metrius, and their Attendants.*

Titus. Many good morrowes to your maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale,

Satur.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies,

Bassia. *Lauinia*, how say you? (more.)

Lauinia. I say no: I haue bene broad awake two houres &
Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.

Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallows ore the plaine.

Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to grounds. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And never after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of vill any:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely Aron, wherefore lookest thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birdschaunt melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling windes,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, Aron let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Repying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

As

o^r Titus Andronicus.

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke their yellowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposde
The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enjoyed,
When with a happy forme they were surprisde,
And curtain'd with a counsaile-keeping Cau'e,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and hornes, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nursesong
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To do some fatal execution?
No Madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke Tamora the Empresse of my soule,
Which never hopes more heauen then rests in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Pis'ome* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And give the King this fatall ploited scrowle,
Now question me no more we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lauinia

Tamora. Ah my sweete Moory, tweeter to me then life.

D.

Megre.

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Shakespeare, W.

T he most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crost with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what soere they be.

Bassia. Who haue we heere? Romes royll Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troupe?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?

Tamora. Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps,
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Aetons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue shield your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.

Bassian. Beleeue me Queene your swarty Cymertion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies huc,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If soule desire had not conducted you?

Lauinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For faulnes, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen cu'loured loue,
This valley fitteth the p'upole passing well.

Bassia. The King my brother shal haue notice of this.

Lauinia.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Lavinia. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be somightily abused.

Queene. Why I haue patience to endure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrio.

Dem. How now deere soueraigne & our gracious mother
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Queene. Haue I not reason think e you to looke pale
These two haue tyced me hither to this place,

A barren, detestful vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore come with mosse and balefull Mistletoe.

Heere never shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:

And when they shrowd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand feinds, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrechins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,

As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would biademe heere,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewe,

And leaveme to this miserable death.

And then they callid me foule adulteresse,
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:

Reuenge it as you loue your mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.

Demetrio. This is a witnes that I am thy sonne. *Grab him.*

Chiron. And this for me strook home to shew my strength

Lavinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora.

The most lamentable Tragedie

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamora. Giue me thy ponyard, you shal know my boyes.
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.

Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw :
This minion stoo'd vpon her chasitiy,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.

And with that pairedd hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?

Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secrethole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.

Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-lie vs both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure,
Come misris, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice preferued honestie of yours.

Lauinia. Oh Tamora, thou bearest a womans face,

Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lauinia. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Lauinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dams
O doe not leafe her wrath, she caught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not sonnes alike,

Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty. (bastard)

Chiron. What wouldest thou haue me prove my selfe a

Lauinia. Tis true, the Rauen doth not hatch a Lark,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pitty, did indure
To haue his princely pawes pardall away.

Some

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Some say that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh beto methough thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kinde but something pittifull.

Tamora. I know not what it meares, away with her.

Lauinia. Oh let me teach thee for my fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tamora. Hadst thou in person ne're offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittileste.

Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.

Lauinia. Oh *Tamora* be calld a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
Fortis not life that I haue begd so long,
Poore I was slaine when *Bussanus* dide.

Tamora. What Begft thou then? fond woman let me 'goe?

Lauinia. Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worsethen killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never manseye may behold my body,
Doethis and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora. So shold I ob my sweet sonnes of their face,
No, let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Demet. Away, for thou haft staid vs heere too long.

Lauinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—

(husband)

Cheiron. Nay then Ile stop your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Farewell my sonnes see that you make her fuge,
Nerelet my hart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the Adronicie be made away :
Now will I hence to seek me louely Moore,
And let my spleenefull sonnes this Trull defloure,

Enter Aron with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the loisome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen? what subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distild on flowers,

A very fatall place it seemes to me,

Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. Oh brother, with the dismalst obiect,
That euer eye with sight made hart lament.

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere;
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother, *Exit*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhollow and blood stained hole.

Quint. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat o'reuns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aron is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :

Oh

of *Titus Andronicus*,

O tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Marius. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a slaughtered Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.

Quintus. If it be darke how doost thou know tis he?

Marius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheeke,
And shewes the ragged intralles of this pit:
So pale did shine the Meone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Oculus* mischiefe mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Out this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brink.

Martin. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, *Aron the Moore*.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what holc is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marius. The vnhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To

The most lamentable Tragedie

To finde thy brother Bassianus dead.

Saturnin. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chasse,
Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Here Tamora, though grieud with killing griefe.

Tamora. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore Bassianus heere lies murthered.

Tamora. Then all toolate I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timles Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie.

She giveth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we mise to meeke him basomely,
Sweet huntman Bassianus tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning, looke for thy reward.
Among the needles at the Elder tree,
Witch ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh Tamora was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That shold haue murthered Bassianus heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold,

King

of *Titus Andronicus*.

King. Two of thy' whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuised
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.

Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing!
How easilly murder is discouered?

Titus. High Emperour vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'de! you see it is apparant,
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To aunswere their suspition with their liues.

Kng. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.

Tamora. *Andronicus* I wil entreat the King,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them:
Enter the Empress sonnes, with *Lavinia*, her hands cut off
and her tongue cut out, and rauisht.

Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Chiron. Write down thy minde, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the icribe.

Demet. See how with signes and tokens she can scrowle.

Chiron. Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

E

Demet.

Shakespeare, W.

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The most lamentable Tragedie

Deme. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.
Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
Demet. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame would all my wealth would wake me,
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt and hewd, and made thy body bare,
Of her two lanches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy loue? Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson riuier of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stird with wind,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honny breath,
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And least thou shouldest detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnest away thy face for shame.
And notwithstanding all this losse of bloud,
As from a Conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheeke looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountered with a clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to easemy minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomella* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.

But

of Titus Andronicus.

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier Tereus hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better lowed then *Pisone*.
Oh had the monstre seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like A spen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made :
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sig'at will blinde a fath're eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning easie thy misery.

Exenus

Enter the Judge and Senators with Titus two sonnes bound,
passing on the Stage to the place of execusion, and Titus going before pleading.

Titus. Hear me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warrs, whilst you securely slept.
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Bepittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twenty sonnes I never wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth lowne, and the Judges passe by him.

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For

Shakespeare, W.

22330
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The most lamentable Tragedie

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his shoures.
In Summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thoutrefuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vbinde my sonnes, reuurse the doome of death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

Lucius. Oh noble father you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Titus. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lucius. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.

Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
All bootelesse vnto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootes to the stones,
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete,
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A

of Titus Andronicus,

A stone is soft as waxe, Tribunes more hard then stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,

And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death,
But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges haue pronounced
My everlasting doome of banishment.

Titus. O happy man, thy haue befriended thee!
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceave
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devoures to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break:

I bring consum'g sorrow to thine age.

Titus. Will it consume me? Let me see it then,

Marc. This was thy daughter,

Titus. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Lucius. Aye me, this obiect kils me.

Titus. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nyus* it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue sought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:
In boorelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the others?
Tis well *Lavinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service, is but vaine.

Lucius. Speake gentle sister who hath marterd thee?

Marcus. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is borne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.

Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide her selfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecurring wound.

Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath haire me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuironed with a wildernes of Sea,
Whomarkes the waxing tide, grow wawe by wawe,
Expecting ever when some eniuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lavinia*, dearer then my soule.

Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doe,
Nowe I beholde thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath marterd thee:
Thy husband he is dead and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah loue *Lucius* looke on her,

When

of Titus Andronicus.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheeke, as doth the honny dew,
Upon a gathred Lillie almost withered.

(husband,

Marc. Perchance she weepes because they kild her
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may do thee easē,
Shall thy good Vnkle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekeſ
How they are staind in meadowes yet not dry,
With miery slime left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shews
Passe the remainder of our hatefull daies?
What shall we doe? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some devise offurther misery
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Luci. Sweet father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mart. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Titus. Ah *Marcus, Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man haſt drowndit with thineowne.

Luci. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekeſ.

Titus. Mark *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeake, now would ſhe ſay

That

The most lamentable Trage die

That to her brother which I said to thee.

His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekeſ,

Oh what a ſympathy of woe is this!

As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliffe.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy ſonneſ,
Let Marcus, Licius, or thy ſelſe old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King, he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee bither both thy ſonneſ aliuē,
And that shall be the rauſome for their fault.

Titus. Oh grecious Emperour, oh gentle Aron,
Did ever Ranen ſing ſo like a Larke,
That giues ſweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, Ile ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good Aron wilt thou help to chop it off?

Licius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerue the turne,
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall ſave my brothers liues.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting deſtruſion on the enemieſ Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bene but idle, let it ſerue
To rauſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree whose hand ſhall goe along,
For ſearce they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand ſhall goe.

Licius. By heauen it ſhall not goe.

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of Titus Andronicus.

Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lucius. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.

Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Marcus. But I will vse the Axe.

Exeunt.

Titus. Come hither Aron, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

Moore. If that be cald deceit, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so :
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that youle say ere halfe an houre passe.

Hee cuts off Titus hand.

Enter *Lucius* and *Marcus* againe.

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shall be is dispatcht :
Good Aron giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers : bid him bury it:
More hath it merited : That let it haue.
Asfor my sonnes, say I account of them,
As siewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane : Oh how this villany,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face,

Exit.
Titus

F

The most lamentable Trage dic

Titus. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call : what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weeble breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the sunne with fogge as sometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.

Marcus. Oh hrother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extremes.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe, having no bottome ?
Then be my passios bottomlesse with them.

Marcus. But yet let reason governethy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseflies,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow ?
If the windes rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigswolne face ?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile ?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow :
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge : overflowed and drowned :
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leaue, for loosers will hane leaue,
To easetheir stomackes with their bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messer. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour :
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes,

And

of *Titus Andronicus*.

And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe :
Thy grieves theirsports: Thy resolution mockt :
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.

Exit:

Marc. Now let hot Aetna coole in Cicilie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell :
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth easse some deale,
But sorrow flouted ar, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this fight should make so deepe a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat :
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Marc. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?

Marc. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thoudost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere ?
Thy other banisht sonne with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my grieves,
Rent of thy siluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes :
Now is a time to storne, why art thou still ?

Titus. Ha,ha,ha.

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

Titus. Why I haue not another teare to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemie,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cau?

The most lamentable Tragedie

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to blisse,
Till all these mischieses be returnd againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vntomy soule to raigne your wrongs,
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Launia* thou shal be imployd in these Armes,
Bearde thou my hand swet wench betwene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the Gothes, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farwell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofulst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Launia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast bene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Launia* liues
But in obliuion and hatefull grieses:
If *Lucius* liue he will requite y our wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reuenged on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit *Lucius*.

Enter

of *Titus Andronicus.*

Enter *Lucius* sonne and *Lavinia* running after him, and
the boy flies from her with his booke under
his armes.

Enter *Titus* and *Marcus.*

Puer. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vnkle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.

Puer. I wheare my father was in Rome she did.

Marcus. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by these signes?

Titus. Feareher not *Lucius* somewhat doth she meane.

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.

Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Red to her sonnes then she hath red to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour :

Canst thou not gesse wherfore she plies thee thus?

Puer. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandsier say full oft,
Extremite of grieves would make men mad.

And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my booke and flie,

Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vnkle *Marcus* goe,

The most lamentable Tragedie

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Marc. *Lucius I will.*

Titus. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanest this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see :
Which is it girle of these? open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the dambd contriuuer of this deede.
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Marc. I thinke she meanes that there was more then one
Confederate in the fa^t, I more there was :

Or else to heauen she heaues them for revenge.

Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she toseth so?

Puer. Grandsier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it me.

Marc. For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft, so busily she turns the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomela*,
And treates of *Terens* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Marc. See brother see note how she quotes the leaues;

Titus. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forced in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poethecre describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Marc. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Giue signes sweet girle for beere are none but friends.

What

of *Titus Andronicus*,

What Romane Lord it was durst do the deede?
Or slonke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.

Marc. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, Pallis, Ione, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may thistreason finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lavinia*.

*He writes his Name with his stiffe, and guides it
with feete and mouth.*

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shifte:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumpes, and writes.*

Titus. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ,
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Marc. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this horriblie bloody deede?

Titus. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lenitus audis seclera, tam lenitus video?
Marc. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a muterie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaims.
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lavinia* kneele,

And

The most lamentable Tragedie

And kneele sweete boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Innius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrèce* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduise
Mortall reuenge ypon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.

Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepeley still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back.
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it along,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry Northerne winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaves abroad,
And wheres your lesson then, boy what say you?

Puer. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Roime.

Marc. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.

Puer. And Vnkle so will I, and if I liue.

Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thoult do thy message, wilt thou not?

Puer. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfier.

Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe b̄aue it at the Court.

of Titus Andronicus.

I marry will we fir, and weeble bewaited on. Exeunt

Marc. O heauens! can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars off sorrow in his hart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. Exit

Enter *Aron*, *Chiron* and *Demetrius* at one dore, and at another
dore young *Lucius* and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chiron. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some mesage to deliuver vs.

Aron. I somemad mesage from his mad Grandfather.

Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,

I greetee your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Giamercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?

Puer. That you are both decipherd, that's the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratify your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both; like bloody villaines. Exit.

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, and written round about?
Let's see,

*In reger vita f elorisque purus, non egois manu*y* iaculis nec arcus.*

Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.

The most lamentable Tragedie

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore I lost, a verse in Horace, right, you haue it,

Now what a thing it is to be an Asse.

Heeres no sound iest, the old man hath found their gilt,

And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,

That wound(beyond their feeling)to the quick:

But were our witty Empresse wdl a foote,

She would applaud Andrenicus conceit,

But let her rest in her vntrest a while.

And now young Lords, wast not a happy Parre,

Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so

Captiuies to be aduanced to this heighth?

It did me good before the Pallace gate,

To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Demet. But me more good to see so great a Lord,

Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore Had he not reason Lord Demetrios,

Did ye not vs his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I woulde we had a thousand Romane Dames

At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chiron. A charitable wish and full of loue.

Moore, Heere lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chiron. And that woulde she fortwenty thousand more.

Demet. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods

For our beloued mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the devils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Demet. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blake a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords, O tell me did you see Aron the

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, (Moore

Heere

of *Titus Andronicus*,

Heere Aron is, and what with Aron now?

Nurse. Oh gentle Aron, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why what a catterwalling dost thou keepe,
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whome?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest, what hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuill.

Aron. Why then she is the Devils Dam, a ioyfull issue,

Nurse. A ioyles, dismall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue,

Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Zounds ye whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blows, you are a beautious blosome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Ceron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and dambd her loathed choyce,
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.

Chiron. It shall not live.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aron it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What must it Nurse? then let no man but I,
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. He broach the tadpole on my Rapiers point,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother ?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire .
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatening band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *A'cides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands :
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted boves,
Yee white-limb'd walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can never turne the Swans blacke leggs to white,
Although she leave them hourely in the flood :
Tell the Empresse from me I am of age
To keep mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus ?

Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
This before all the world do I prefferre,
This maugre all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Demet. By this our mother is for euer shamde.

Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nurse. The Emperou: in hi rage will iooke her death.

Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignome.

Aron. Why therest the priuiledge your beauty beares :

Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and countels of the hart :

Heeres a young lad tram'g of another leere,

Looke how the blacke slauke smiles vpon the fath'r,

As

Shakespeare, W.

o Titus Andronicus:

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owner,
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were,
He is franchised and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my scale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aron what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
Demet. Aduide thee Aron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saueth thou the childe so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the wnde of you:
Keape there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Demet. How many women saw this childe of his?
Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyned in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the Moore,
The chased Bore, the mountaine Lyonsse,
The Ocean swells not so as Aron stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?

Nurse. Cornelias, the midwife and my selfe,
And no one else but the delinued Empresse.

Aron. The Empress, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell when the thirds away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kills her.*
Weeke, week, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.

Demet. What meantst thou Aron, wherefore didst thou this

Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deed of pollicie,
Shall she lye to betray this gilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent,
Not farre, one *Mulcius* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:

The most lamentable Trag e die

Goe packe with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their childe shall be aduaunst,
And be reciuied for the Emperours heyte,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harkeye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her phisick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. Aron I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Dime. For this care of Tamora, Exeunt
Herselfe and hers are highly bound to thee.
Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Cauе, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and commaund a Campe. Exit.

*Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen
with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with
Letters on the ends of them.*

Titus. Come Marcus, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tir there straight,

Terras

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Terras Aſtre arcliquit, be you remembred Marcus.
Shees gone, shees fled, ſirs take you to your tooles,
You Cofens ſhall goe ſound the Ocean,
And caſt your nets, happily you may finde her in the ſea,
Yet theres as little iuſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt doe it,
Tis you muſt dig with mattocke, and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plinios* Region,
I pray you deliuere him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome,
Ah Rome, weare well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o're me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leauue you not a man of warre vnfearcheſt,
This wicked Emperor may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſmen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice,
Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy noble Uncle thus diſtract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and nightt' attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie:

Marc. Kinſmen, his ſorrowes are paſt remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytor *Saturnine*.

Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Maifters,
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,

Marrie

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The most lamentable Tragedie

Marrie for Justice she is so employd,
He thinkes with *love* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus. we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
Nobig-bond-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But metral *Marcus*, steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare :
And sith theres no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicite heauen, and moue the Gods,
To send downe Justice for to wreake our wrongs :
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giveth them the Arrowes.

Ad Ioseph, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Mariem, thats for my selfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoothe against the wind.
Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Theres not a God left vnsolicited.

Marcus. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflicte the Emperour in his pride.

Titus. Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moones,
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done ?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the spoile my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Artes* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

of Titus Andronicus.

And who shoulde finde them but the Empresse villaine:—
She laught, and told the Moore he shoulde not choose
But giue them to his maister for a present.

Titus. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the poast is come.

Sirra w^t attydings, haue you any letters?
Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Jupiter*?

Cowne. Hothe Ibbetmaker, hee sayes that he hath ta-
ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd till
ther ext weeke.

Titus. But what saies *Jupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Jupiter*:
I never dranke with him in all my life:

Titus. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my pidgions sir, nothing els.

Titus. Why, didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen! alas sir, I never came there,
God forbid I shoulde be so beld, to presle to heauen in my
young dayes.

Why I am geing with my pidgions to the tribunall Plebs, to
take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of
the Emperalls men.

Marcus. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your
Oration, and let him deliuere the pidgions to the Emperour
from you.

Titus. Tell mee can you deliuere an Oration to the Em-
perour with a grace?

Clowne. Nay truely sir, I could never say grace in all my
life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

H

But

The most lamentable Tragedie

But give your Pidgions to the Emprour,
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke:
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a supplication for you, and when you
come to him, at the first aproach you must kneele, then kisse
his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then look for
your reward.

Ile be at hand sir, see you doe it brauelie.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou hast given it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.

Exit.

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter *Emperour* and *Empresse*, and her two sonnes, the
Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that *Titus* shot at him.

Saturn. Why Lords, what wrongs are these? was euer scene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vsde in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples cares, there nought hath past,
But even with law against the wilfull sonnes.

Of

o Titus Andronicus.

Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
See heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our vniustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no iustice were:
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shghter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he sleepe,
Heele so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proudſt conspiratour that liues.

Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturninus*,
Lord of my life, comaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effeſts of sorrow for his valiant ſonnes,
Whose losſe hath pearſt him deepe, and ſcarc'd his hart,
And rather comfort his diſtrefled plignt,
Then prosecute the meanest or the beſt
For these contempts: Why thus it ſhall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to glofe with all:
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wile,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the port.

Enter Cloyne.

How now good fellow wouldſt thou ſpeakē with vs?

Cloyne. Yea, forſooth, and your Miſteriſhip be Emperiall.

H 2

Tamo.

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The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephengiue you good den,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away and hang him presently.
Clowne. How much money must I haue?
Tamora. Come serra, you must be hanged.
Clowre. Hangd, be Lady then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same deuise proceedes:
May this be borne, as it his trayterous sonnes,
That silde by law formurther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes bene butchered wrongfully?
Goe dragge thevillaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,
For this proud mocke Ile be thy sllaughter man,
Sly franckie wretch, that holpste to make me great,
In hope thy selfe shoulde gouerne Roine and me.

Enter Nuntius Emilius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emilius*?
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*
Who threats in course of this reuenge to doe

As

o Titus Andronicus.

As much as euer *Ceriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes,
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grassle beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
Wher I haue walked like a private man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tamora. Why should you feare, is not your Citty strong?

King. I but the Citizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tamora. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honny stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious feede.

King. But he will not entreat his sonne for vs.

Tamor. If *Tamora* entreat him then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
Yet should both eare and hart obey my tongue.
Goethou before to be our Embassadour,
Say that the Emperour requesteth a party

The most lamentable Tragedie

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
King Emilius doe this mesage honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him deuaund what pledge will please him best.
Emilius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exiit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes,
And now sweet Emperor be blith againe,
Andbury all thy feare in my deuises.

Satyr. Then goe successantly and plead to him.

Exiit.

Enter *Lucius* with an Army of Gothes, with
Drum and Soldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any seathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Romerequites with foule contempt,
Be bolde in vs, weeke follow where thou leadest,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their maister to the flowred fields,
And beauengd on cursed *Tamora*:

And.

of Titus Andronicus.

And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Lucius. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all.
But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child
in his armes.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius* from our troupes I feare,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, sudainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying base controll with this discourse:
Peace tawny flauke, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaifeth thou mightst haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk white,
They never do beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty *Goth*,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold the dearely for thy motheis sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surprizd him sudainely, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needefull of the man.

Lucius. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate devill,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleaseid your Empresse eye,
And heeres the base fruit of his burning lust,
Say wall-eyed flauke whether wouldest thou conuay
This growing image of thy fiendlike face?
Why dost not speake? what deafe, not a word?

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The most lamentable Tragedie

A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syrefor ever being good,
First hang the childe that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* sauē the childe,
And bearē it from me to the Empresse:
If thou doe this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more but vengeance rot you all.

Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakst,
Thy childe shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vexeth thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of blacke nights, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischiefe, treason, villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously performd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my childe shall liue.

Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I say thy childe shall liue.

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Lucius. Who should I sweare by, thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted; how caust thou beleeue an oath?

Aron. What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepeſ the oath which by that God he sweares,

To

of Titus Andronicus,

To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reverence,
To sauue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.

Lucius. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse,

Lucius. Oh most infatiate luxurious woman !

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sisters tongue and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.

Lucius. O detestable villaine, call'ſt thou that trimming

Aron. Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it,

Lucius. Oh baſberous beaſtly villaines like thy ſelfe!

Aron. Indeede I was their tutor to instruct them,
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,

As ſure a carde as euer wonne the ſet :
That bloody minde I thinkē they leard of me,

A true a dog as euer fought at head :
Well, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,

I traynde thy bretheren to that guilefull hole,

Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay :

I wrote the letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two ſonnes.

And what not done, that thou haſt cause to rue,

Wherin I haſt no ſtroke of miſchiefe in it.

I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it drew my ſelfe apart,
And almoſt broke my hart with extreame laughter,

I pried me through the creuic of a wall,

I.

When

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The most lamentable Tragedie

When for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twenty kisses.

Goth.

What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes.

Aron.

I that I had not done a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,
Raunish a maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forsware my selfe,
Set deadly enmity betweene two friends,
Make poore mens catell breake their necks,
Set fire on barnes and haystackes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digg vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let

of Titus Andronicus.

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead,
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thousand more.

Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Lucius. Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more:

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius. Let him come neere.

Welcome *Emilius*, what's the newes from Rome?

Emilius. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greeetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a party at your fathers house
Willing you to demaund your hostages,
And they shall be immedately deliuered.

Goth. What saies our Generall?

Lucius. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vnkle *Marcus*,
And we willcome: march away.

Exeunt.

Enter Tamora, and her two sonnes disguised.

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,

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The most lamentable Tragedie

And say, I am revengesent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his studie where they say he keepes,
To ruminante strange plots of diere Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie dore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceau'd, for what I meant to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe,
And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. *Titus,* I am come to talke with thee,

Titus. No not a word; how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou haft the odds of me, therefore no more. (me)

Tamora. If thou didst know me thou wouldest talke with me.

Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnes this wretched stumpe, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenches made by griesfe and care,
Witnes the trying day and heanie night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Revenge sent from th' internall Kingdome,
To ease the grawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:

Come

of Titus Andronicus.

Comedowne and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
There's nota hollow Cauue or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Revenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Titus. Art thou Reuenge, and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Titus. Doe me some service ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper palfreies, as blacke as Jet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.

And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from Epeons rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heawy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tamora. These are my ministers and come with me.

Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they call'd?

Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kinde of men.

Titus. Good Lord how like the Empresle Sonnes they are
And you the Empresle : but we worldly men
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes :

The most lamentable Tragedie

Q. Sweet Revenge now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes embracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tamora. This closing with him fits his Lunacie,
Whatere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunnynge practise out of haud
To scatter and dispense the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must ply my theare.

Tus. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her sonnes you are,
Well are you fittid, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell affoord you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse never wags
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welecome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tamora. What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

D:me. Show me a murtherer Ile deale with him.

Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revengd on him,

Tamora. Show me a thousand that hauedone thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tus. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findst a man that's like thy selfe,
Good murther stab him, hees a murtherer.

Goe

of Titus Andronicus.

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauisher,
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she dōth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine,

Tamora. Well hast thou lessond vs, this shall wedoe.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him cōme and banquet at thy house,
When he is heere, even at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
What saies *Andronicus* to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Titus. Marcus my brother, tis sad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This doe thou for my Inue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I doe, and sone returne againe:

Tamora.

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The most lamentable Trage die

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my miniters along with me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleave to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determyned iest,
Yeelde to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Titus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Deme. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betraythy foes.

Titus. I know thou doost, and sweete reuenge farewell.

Chiron. Tell vs old man, how shall we be employd,

Titus. But I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentime*,

Publius. What is your will?

Titus. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empresse sonnes I takethem, *Chiron*, *Demetrins*,

Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentime*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them sure,
And stop their mouthes if they begin to cry.

Chiron. Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse sonnes.

Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Enter

of Titus Andronicus,

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Bason.

Titus. Come, come Lavinia, looke, thy foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vitter.
Oh villaines, Chiron and Demetruſus,
Here stands the spring whome you have staind with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vilde fault,
Two of her brothers were condemned to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Then hands or tongue, her spotlesse chastity,
Irhumaine traytors, you constraind and forst.
What would you say if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to martyr you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilst that Lavinia tweene her stumps doth hold
The Bason that receaues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herfelfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde y^r bones to dust,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paste,
And of the paste a coffen I will reare,
And make two pasties of our shamefull heads,
And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her owne increase.
This is the feast that I haue bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on,
For worse then Philomel you vsde my daughter,
And worse then Progne I will be reuengd,

K

And

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The most lamentable Tragedie

And now prepare your throats: Lauinia come,
Receave the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquor temper it,
And in that paste let their vilde heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this bantet, which I will may proue
More sternen and bloody then the Centaures feast.

He comis their throats.

Sonow bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready against their Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gotb n.

Lucius. Vnkle Marcus, since tis my fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Gotb. And ours with thine befall what Fortune will.

Lucius. Good Vnkle take you in this barbarous Moore,
This rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receave no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her soule proceedings:
And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some deuell whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venomous mallice of my swelling heart.

Lucius. Away inhuinane dogge, vnallowed flau,
Sirs, helpe our vnkle to conuey him in,
The trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets, Enter Emp·rour and Empresse, with
Tribunes and others.*

King. What hath the firmament moe sunnes then one?

Lucius,

of Titus Andronicus.

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?

Marcus, Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw neare and take your places.

Saturn. Marcus we will.

Sound i trumpets, enter *Titus* like a Cooke, placing the mease on
the Table, and *Lavinia* with a vaise over her face.

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queen
Welcome ye warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all, although the cheere be poore,
Twili fill your stomacks, please you eat ofit.

Saturn. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?
Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes, and your Empresse.

Tar. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*,

Titus. And if your highnes knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolute me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enforst, staind, and deflowrde?

Saturn. It was *Andronicus*.
Titus. Your reason mighty Lord?

Saturn. Because the girle shouldest not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, presidencie, and lively warrant,
For me most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die. - he kills her.

Saturn. What hast thou doun, vnnaturall and vnkinde?

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tu. Kild her for whome my teares haue mabe me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virg. ius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it is now done.

King. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deede?
Ti. us. Wilt please you eat, wilt please your highnes feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter
Ti. us. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetras*.
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, th. t. did her all this wrong.

King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently,
Ti. us. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating he flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniae: sharpe point,

H. stabs the Empresse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deede.
Lucius. Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.

Marcus. You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By vprores severd like a flight of fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattered corne into one mutuall sheafse,
These brokenlimbs againe into one body.

Roman Lord. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto her selfe,
And shee whome mightie kingdomes cursie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe,
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesse of true eperience,
Connot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as off our Ancestor,

When

of Titus Andronicus.

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sickke Didoes sad attending eare,
The story ofthat balefull burningg night,
When subtile Grekes surprizd King Priams Troy,
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That givis our Troy, our Romethc ciuill wound.
My hart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance even in the time
When it shoulde moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Heere is a Capraine let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.

Exeunt. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdered our Emperours brother,
And they it were that ranshised our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despisid, and basly coufend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg relife among Romes enemis,
Who crownd their enmyt in my true teares,
And opt their aimes to imbrac me as a friend,
and I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preserud her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemis point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduenturous bo dy.
Alas you know I am no vaunter, I,
My scars can witnes, dumb although they are,

K 3.

That

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The most lamentable Tragedie

That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cytting my wortkles praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselues.

Marcus. Now is my turne to speake: behold this childe,
Of this was Tamora deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious Moore,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is aliue in Tuis house,
And as he is to witness this is true,
Now iudge what course had Titus to revenge,
These wrongs, vnspeakable past pacience,
Or more then any living man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romanes?
Haue we done ought amisse? show vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of Andronicie
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutwall closure of our house:
Speake Romanes speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand Lucius and I will fall.

Emilius. Come come thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucus our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.

Marcus. *Lucus*, all haile Romes roiall Emperour,
Goe goe into old Tuis sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moore,
To be adiudgd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucus all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.

Lucius. Thankes gentle Romanes may I governe so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe:

But

of Titus Andronicus.

But gentle people giue me aime a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all aloofe, but Vnkle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops vpon thy bloud-slaine face,
The last true duties of thy noble sonne.

Marc. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy brother Ma-cus tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
Countesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs,
To melt in showers, thy Grandsier lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunst thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that respect then like a louing childe,
Shed y^e some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kinde nature doth require it so,
Friends shoulde associate friends in griefe and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.

Puer. O Grandsier, Grandsire, evn with all my hart,
Would I were dead so you did liue againe.
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.

Romaine. You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euentz.

Lutus. Set him biest deepe in earth and famish him
There let him stand and rauie andery for foode,
If any one releues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

Some

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copy

The most lamentable Trage die

Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aron. Ah why shoulde wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby I, that with base praiers
I shoulde repent the evils I haue done,
Ten thousand worse then ever yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I doe repent it from my very sonle.

Lucius. Some louing friends conuey the Emperour hence
And giue him buriall in his fathers graue,
My father and *Lauinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our households monument:
As for that hanous Tiger *Tamora*,
No funerell rite, nor man in mournefull weeds,
No mournefull bell shall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to prey,
Her life was beastly and deuoid of pitty,
And being so shall haue like want of pitty.
See justice done on *Aron* that dambd *Moore*,
By whome our heauy haps had their beginning:
Then afterwards to order well the state,
That like euents may ner'e it ruinate.

FINIS.

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Shakespeare, *d.*